

The Salvation Army

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CANADA

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Our Foreign Leaders

NO. 11.

MAJOR WEERESOORIYE, OF CEYLON.

IT is a custom amongst the Buddhists to consecrate the eldest male child to the priesthood. My father's mother was the chief devoted of the great temple Silabimbarama of Dodanduwa. My father's own father was one of the chief priests at South Ceylon. My mother was the daughter of the chief Buddhist devoted in Ambalangodd, the famous Buddhist village in the south. From my childhood, I was set apart to be a priest. My uncle, the priest, loved me much and took me about the country when he went for festivals. I well remember the time I went to the temple and bowed down to the images of Buddha, to the Sacred Tree and the priest. When I went to the temple, I spent much time in looking at the paintings on the walls, describing the tortures of hell. My mother, a firm believer in her own creed, carefully taught her children the same.

Though a heathen woman, if she saw in me the slightest tendency to evil, she would weep over me till I felt it. When away from home the tears of my mother were a guardian angel to me. I was sent to a college, where thoughts of becoming great in this world banished all thoughts of a future world from my heart. University distinctions and the praise of men seemed to be the only object of my life for a time. Still, I stole an hour or two to glance through some religious papers and infidel books. Accounts of the Salvation Army in England, Sheffield riots in particular; Haslem's "From Death unto Life," and Moody's Sermons, I delighted to be reading. I have got a vivid recollection of the scenes describing the Sheffield riots. All these things worked together to deepen conviction in my heart. The peculiar, unpleasant, restless feeling of the burden of sin grew heavier and heavier for a number of months, till it became an intolerable load. Life soon became a burden and everybody observed the change and pitied me. I kept it a secret for a long time and tried to better myself. Death was better than such a state of existence. One Sunday morning I knelt down and asked the Lord to deliver me from the hands of the devil. I was desperate; my life was determined to die or my losses or to get saved. Simple faith brought a flash of heavenly light into the soul. The burden of sin rolled away quite readily, and I, the devil defeated and leaving my heart, whilst I took possession of it. I wondered and marvelled.

Divine love approached my heart. There was no more fear; but shame and sorrow for my past conduct made

me to hide my face from the face of love that shone before me. I could not bear the love of the Lord Jesus. It was too sweet and too great. One wave after the other passed over me which thrilled my whole system. Some of the expressions I used at the moment—"I don't deserve, I don't deserve. Do not, do not oppress me with Thy love, it is too great for me; I like to be killed and get out of the presence of so great love. Oh! what have I done all this time." I felt it was sweet to be killed in the midst of an ocean of love. I would turn my face to one side, as if ashamed to look at His face, yet feeling Him pressing me to His bosom. This I couldn't bear; I cried out, "It is too much, too

much." A bitter sense of my own ingratitude, and the overwhelming love of Jesus took hold of my heart. I opened my Bible and felt my heart strongly drawn towards the "Song of Solomon." I felt nothing else expressed the feelings of my heart. "The Lily of the Valley." "The fairest of ten thousand." When seated or walking, or talking to those around, I got frequent baptisms of love, almost unbearable at times. I wrote the name of Jesus on pieces of paper, kissed them and kept looking at them for hours, yet not feeling tired, but ever fresh.



MAJOR WEERESOORIYE.

About this time a holiness meeting was conducted by an Army officer going through the country. Here I got the

war cries and army books. A strong longing after holiness got hold of my heart now. I felt the need very much. Nothing could make me to wait or hesitate. I saw it clearly and took the leap. The work was done in a moment, a mightier baptism came over me and laid me prostrate. It was a complete crucifixion. I got into the habit of first clearly grasping what I have to get; and then I went down determined to get it, and not to pray for anything but this one thing. By this means, glory to God, I often soared above the mountains. My faith rose up to a certain pitch which brought down the blessing that I needed. The rising of the faith and the descent of the blessing

words spoken to any one, brought immediate conviction. The desire to throw myself into the ranks of the Army grew stronger daily. When most melted down by the Holy Ghost the one object before me seemed to be the Army; but when I went about consulting "flesh and blood," and reasoning within myself, I was in confusion, and did not know what the will of God was. When the love of Jesus got hold of me, it was like bread daylight. His loving voice told me "Join the Salvation Army." There was no more gloom about it. I had no rest till I became a cadet. In the Army I have witnessed the salvation of thousands. I feel too that a mighty door is open before us in India and all through the Eastern countries.

CEYLON LASSES.

BY MAJOR WEERESOORIYE.

"Why don't you have Buddhist priestesses now, as in former times?" I inquired from a learned Buddhist who was travelling in the train with me.

"Well, you know," said he, "we have no 'Rabaths' (priests) who have attained to that state of holiness, which enables their spirits to travel about through the air) now-a-days, and Buddha has not sanctioned a female priesthood when there are no 'Rabaths'."

Ceylonese history speaks of Mahindo and Sangamitta, the son and daughter of a great Buddhist king, who ruled the whole of India at one time. This prince and princess gave up all their royal comforts, put on the yellow robe and came to propagate Buddhism in Ceylon, which then was full of devil worship. Sangamitta, the priest-princess, was a specimen of holiness. Soon there were more than five hundred cadet lasses under Sangamitta. Some of them were young priestesses of the then royal family of Ceylon. These lasses had to go through great hardships for some time. Of course they were soon successful, and the whole country was converted in no time.

My heart beat very high at the thought of the glorious possibility of a mighty army of lasses in India and Ceylon.

Ceylon lasses are simple-hearted, obedient, ready to endure hardships without a word of murmuring—never letting them be known beyond the walls of their little kitchen—always putting on a cheerful face, and, above all, "inexpensive."

The daily programme of our first native lassie-captain, extracted from the kitchen to the pulpit. On her way back from visiting, she picks up by the roadside every coconut shell and piece of firewood for cooking purposes. Off she goes to the meeting in the evening, leading a torchlight procession and shouting, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! It is hard to have their own way with her. Who ever thought that the day for such victories was so near to the Army in Ceylon?"



He Died to Set You Free.

BY CLYDE E. WILSON, KNOXVILLE.

TUNE—"Come, Shout and Sing."

WONDEROUS love, that from above,
Our Saviour brought to us;
He did not shrink, though called to drink,
The cup of sorrow dry.
He took the thorny way, the sinners
Joke to pay;
He died that you and I might be set free.
O, look and live!

He did that you and I might be set free!
He did that you and I might be set free!
The Father, in His love, sent Jesus from above,
To die, that you and I might be set free!

O, look and live! He'll pardon give
To your poor, sin-stained life;
To Calvary start, and from your heart,
His burden come shall roll;
And when that smile, divine, into your
heart shall shine,
You'll bless the day that you came to be
set free.

Don't wait and say, some other day,
This matter I'll attend;
To Jesus go, you little know,
How soon your life will end!
Then learn you'll happy be, and in
eternity,
You'll dwell with Him, who died to set
you free.

2 **Serving God.**

BY SARAH GIBBS, TORONTO.

TUNE—"I Love Jesus."

WILLING forever, Lord, I'll be,
Now and through eternity;
Let Thy wisdom, power and might,
Lead to everlasting life.

I will serve Thee, I dear Saviour,
And Thy love, I'll still prove;
And with Jesus I shall ever
Reign with him in Heaven above.

Teach me all I do not know,
Show me all Thy love I do;
And with Jesus I shall ever
Reign with him in Heaven above.

Help me in temptations bow,
To resist the tempter's power;
Let Thy light within my soul
Purify my heart from sin.

Help me all Thy love to tell,
The rich and poor as well,
How thou hast paid our sin,
Hanging on the scorned tree.

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Yes, we may cease from sin just now,
The tempter conquer every time;
But to the world with all its lies,
And live a life of love divine.

14 **Jesus Came.**

BY GARY MYERS, HEAD-QUARTERS.

TUNE—"Will you go, will you go?"

My Saviour came into this world,
Blessed be His name,
That from that fetter might be hushed,
Blessed be His name.

He lived upon Mount Calvary,
That we from sin might be set free,
Blessed be His name.

Cho—"For Jesus is my Saviour, etc."

He broke the power of sin and hell,
Blessed be His name,
By living a life that passed God well,
Blessed be His name.

He fought the devil with His might,
And conquered him in every fight;
He did it all times what is right;
Blessed be His name.

It gives me joy to think that He,
Blessed be His name,
Has promised and does give with me,
Blessed be His name.

The strength I need He gives to me,
The conqueror over to be,
And now I've got the victory,
Blessed be His name.

15 **On the Crucifixion.**

BY HARRY HICKES, CORDON.

TUNE—"Will You Come to the Power."

Will you come up to Calvary
And see your Saviour die,
Where He hung, the Cross—it was
all for you and I.

In agony and bloody sweat He suffered
The pain of death;
He bore it all for you and I, our sins
to atone.

Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to Calvary?
Will you, will you, will you, will you
See Him die for us?

Oh! that is the place where your hearts
will soften soon,
The place where your Saviour has died
in your room.

Will you come now to Calvary? 'twas
there your Saviour died;
Twas there He shed His precious blood,
—we want it now applied.

16 **Jesus Died to Save.**

BY CAPT. DANSON, BRANFORD.

TUNE—"The Waters of Jordan May Roll."

Oh! I am glad Jesus died to save
And now He saves me so well,
His precious blood broke my hard sin-
born heart.

While wandering the downy path to hell,
The waters of Jordan may roll,
And Jesus will carry me through;
He cleansed me now of all my sin.

Oh, that it were given to you!

Oh, the Saviour's love is so wonderful
His dying love won my heart,
And I'm serving Him now from day to
day.

From His grace I will never depart.

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His dying love won my heart,
And I'm serving Him now from day to
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From His grace I will never depart.

Oh, this same blessed Saviour who died
for me,
Is waiting to save you from sin;
And all sinners desire. He will take
them from there.
And then you shall dwell with Him.

Oh, trust in the Saviour to take you
now!
Come down at His bloodstained feet,
To share pardon and mercy so full and
free.

Oh, come to Him now I entreat.

17 **Glory to God.**

BY JOHN FORBES

TUNE—"Fight for your Lord," or "All
Hail! I'm Saved."

SOLDIERS of the Army, shout—
Glory to God!
Preach the Gospel, let it out,
—Glory to God!

CHORUS.

With God and Fire,
Keep rising higher,
Let God and souls be your chief food,
The devil's rage.

We'll conquer through the Blood.

"Mid battles of glory, come, raise your
voices,
Glory to God!
Let Jesus be your only choice,
Glory to God!"

Keep the Master in your view,
Glory to God!
He will lead you safely through,
Glory to God!

In the conflict shout and sing—
Glory to God!
Laurels to your Saviour bring,
Glory to God!

Though man and devil rage, fight on,
Glory to God!
Until the world to Christ is won,
Glory to God!

Be this still your battle cry—
Glory to God!
And shout while passing through the
sky,
Glory to God!

18 **WAR SONG**

TUNE—"We'll watch and pray till Jesus
comes."

ROUSE, ye warriors, Jesus calls,
Prepare yourselves for war;
Advance, attack the tottering walls
Of every evil power.

In Jesus' name we'll forward go
To fight and conquer ever on,
To rescue souls and overthrow
The alien hosts of hell.

Mid battles late and farthest rage
Of man and devil too,
We will not fear the war to wage,
And all to Christ's soldier.

Arouse, ye warriors, Jesus calls,
Maintain the glorious war,
The empire of the devil falls
Do sink and rise no more.

19 **Cleansing.**

BY CAPT. PARKER, TORONTO.

TUNE—"Oh, I am glad there is cleansing
in the blood," or "any long meter."

BUT shall we ever cease from sin,
The tempter's voice not heard?
He cleansed me now of all my sin,
And I'll praise Thee evermore.

Help me all Thy love to tell,
The rich and poor as well,
How thou hast paid our sin,
Hanging on the scorned tree.

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MONTREAL, 11 - Capt. Towell, Ok

MONTREAL, II.—Capt. Towell. Oh, it is coming, Oh, it is coming, Oh, it has come, this power of God, this power of God, Lord abundantly blessing us. We met on Tuesday evening for roll call and were glad to welcome new faces who had never met to roll call before. We could truly say that their very entrance was changed as well as their names. One dear brother who was deeply convicted came to the meeting and gave God his heart, when he rose to his feet he said it was God. God will give all lengths for the dove to come and dwell all lengths for the dove all day on Tuesday, at our night meetings souls were saved. Grand a day Sunday, for two souls saved. Making six for the week, and two more. Signals have returned home. We give Jesus all the glory.

WOODSTOCK.

Glory to God! Truly this has been a week of victory, it has been Jesus all along. On Monday we found five prisoners and three backsliders at the Saviour's feet. Tuesday blessed roll-call: left with a greater determination to fight than ever. One prodigal came home on Wednesday. Thursday we sought forerunners of sins, and on Fri-

imals have returned home. We give

WOODSTOCK.
CONESTOGO

BREAK We have proved that prayer
AT and faith brings the victor;
LAST. Thursday night at Wint-
bourne, one young man, hav-
ing been brought to see the folly of sin,
determined to forsake it. He came
Christ seeking forgiveness, and, ac-
cording to promise, Christ took him in

Holiness meeting was a time of blessing.

that those who seek shall find. Boli-
ing for still greater things.

Capt. McDowell.

BELMONT.—Lieut. Ponder. Glo-
to God! fighting is real hard but God
is working. One soul has come to the
Saviour this week and found peace.
Meetings well attended; we believe God
is going to give us a mighty victory.
In this place, people coming to the meet-
ings to see what we are like and going
away with tears in their eyes and with
a sorrowful heart.

HESPELER.—Lieut. Lightowler.
It's cutting better as we go along. La-

Wednesday night as we marched on
with flaming torches led by Mrs. Maj.

powder and shot the wall of sin had
give way and mighty conviction, rest

blasting away until we got the demons

NEWFOUNDLAND.
BRIGUS.—Capt Collins. —The Lord is still saving, sinners are trembling, backsliders are coming home to Jesus, soldiers are growing more like Jesus seeking only to do His will, the Lord always keep us growing more like Himself, until we see Him. He is, five wanderers and two precious souls for this week.

CARBONEAR, Nfld.—Standing the strength of the God of battles, I defy the foe. Although our enemy rage around and would like to pull down our

stronghold, glory to God our Arm
is against all the powers of day

As long as a man maintains a daily, prayerful union with God, and the humble dependence on His mercy, his eyes are kept open, and he is able to detect and remove the sinners and

